This is the anniversary of the triumphant entry of Joan of and preserved the kingship for France. She was burned at the stake in 1431. The Washington Times Magazine Page the stake in 1431.

The population of the world at the present time is about 1,650,000,000. It has been estimated that the earth can maintain a population of 6,000,000,000, a total which will be reached in the year 2100 at the present rate of increase.

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED

A Serial of a Girl Who Sells Herself, Becomes a Criminal and Then, Under the Uplifting Environment of Real Love Regains Her Soul.

This appealing story has been + made into a wonderful film drama by Cosmopolitan productions, and will be released as a Paramount

> Personally Direced By Robrt G. Vignola. By Donn Bryne.

66 THAT'S better, she says, and pats my hand as she turns her head. 'Don't

worry, McCarthy, I'll-I'll live." Without, the gray January dusk had crept into the canons of New the crenelated buildings, the moving trucks, the pedestrians, a semblance of unreality, as though they were being seen through a mist raised by some necromancer at the

call of a fortune man. Through the windows of the evident, but the building had become unreal. It was like some ogre's castle in a fairy tale for children, very terrible, but not really there.

The judge, the jury, the attend-ants, all the court had somehow lost entity as a court. It was no more a court than a house in a play is a house. It was just a formula embracing a hundred or so human

And one felt also that this was not in New York. There was no at-mosphere of New York. New York might be a cloak and a disguise but minds and personalities of all were on a golden island on shining

And they didn't see McCarthy in the witness box, nor Janssen in the water was so translucent that one could see, fathom on fathom deep, the rainbow fish below.

"She gets better day by day, and I'm so glad I could sing," continued the officer, speaking more easily as practice came after his seven years of silence. "She sits on the beach and health comes to her with the wind, and little by little the flush comes in her cheek, and life ferments, and her hair that has become sea stirs up with a breeze. And soon she's swimming again. But All her movements are grave. At times she sits thinking, and her brow is working with thought. At other times she smiles. Just a dig-

A SECOND TIME. "And soon after she gets well, she saved my life a second time. "This is how it happens. I'm fishing one day and my line and hook get caught down in the coral. And I don't want to lose that hook. Hooks aren't easy to make. So I says: 'I'll go down

after that hook.' down through the water, and I hang on to the coral with one hand, and unloose the hook with the other. I'm about ready to come up when in the water between me and the sun I can see shadow like a boat. For a moment I think it's a boat, and come up with a rush. But halfway up I know it's no boat. And in the warm water I go cold as ice.

splashing, making a noise, way you frighten them off. suddenly I know the big fellow sees. I can feel the vibration his swirl in the water as he turns off to a point where he can come rushing at me.

"'It's good-bye, McCarthy!' I to myself, and turn to face And then I hear a plunge the water the moment ne's ready to turn over and come at And Janssen comes shooting

"She has a stone or something in her hand drawn back and lets him have it just on the soft point of the nose, the only place you can hurt those fellows. One crack!! And the big coward turns and slinks off just like a dog that's been kicked.

A BRAVE DEED. "When we get ashore I'm just mad as can be. The idea of ber taking a chance like that! "'Haven't your got any sense at all?" I bawl hen out 'What do

you mean, taking a chance like + is, a prisoner, and I'm her keeper. that? What do you think a shark is? A mackerel? Maybe you think he wouldn't touch you? Maybe you think ne's a gentle-man? He's not. If brains were money,' I say, 'I don't think you could buy a subway ticket. Nev-er do that, or anything like that

"But she's crying and laughing together. She walks off, now sob-bing, now laughing. I run after

"Not that from the bottom of my heart I'm not grateful to you, but you must never again-"But she laughs and she sobs:

"'Go away, McCarthy. Go away. Please go away!!'
"All this time I know I'm very fond of Janssen and something tells me Janssen is of me, though God knows why. But we say noth-And I look at her and think. If things were only different, how I could love that girl! But here she It's a pity. It's a pity even she's changed. It makes it awful hard

'But I can't keep my eyes off her. She stands on the beach, the wind rustling her green garment, and rippling her hair. Very beautiful. And a little butterfly, from God knows where is fluttering about about her throat. And curiously it comes to light on her lips.

"'You look awful pretty, Janssen, say, 'with that butterfly.'
"She smiles at me, kind of queer-

"'You're a brave man, McCar-thy,' she says, '-the bravest man I ever knew. You're strong. You're remendous. Yes, you're brave. But this little butterfly, that in all its oody hasn't the strength of one single hair of your head, whose brief life is but a single day, is braver than you, McCarthy, braver far than you.'

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

A New Book on Hiroshige

A Review by Homer Joseph Dodge.

HIROSHIGE. By Yone Noguchi, Orien-talia, 22 East 60th street, New York City. \$7.00 net. O RIENTALIA, of New York, which makes up in book craftsman ship a part of what it lacks as a literary production. The book is beautifully and curiously bound in blue cloth; beautifully and curiouspresents nineteen well-selected examples of the art of the immortal lovely thing. But the book has a

Mr. Yone Noguchi, the author of the text-an apostrophic criticism of Hiroshige and his art-obviously takes issue with Mr. Kipling's

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest-Clip Them.

with one and one-half cups sugar. Then add the yotks of five eggs. one at a time. Stir in one cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Then add three cups of flour separately; in the last cup put three teaspoons baking powder, then beat whites of eggs stiff and fold into mixture. Last, add one teaspoon each of lemon and vanilla extract.

ICING. Two cups powdered sugar, mixed with two tablespoons of milk. Add two tablespoons of marshmallow, spread over cake, dust with cookwhite icing in three parts; color one red, one blue, and leave other white.-Mrs. C. W. Quantrelle, 612 Massachusetts avenue northwest.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE,

1-6 cup of butter. 1 cup granulated sugar. 1 1/2 cup of flour.

tablespoon baking powder. teaspoon vanilla. 16 cup milk (sweet). Take the yolks of both eggs, the

sugar and the butter and whip into a cream. Put in the milk and vanilla and stir it up. Into this sift the flour and baking powder. Beat the whites of both eggs into a foam. Pour this into the mixture and stir the whole mixture slowly Take pans and grease with butter. Sprinkle flour on pans. Put cake mixture in pans and bake

quick. Spread marshmallow cream on the cooled layers, then build up the layers and spread over the top.

Mr. Noguchi, a Japanese, has undertaken to produce a literary work in the English language. Goldfish and canary birds are both yellow in color, both beautiful creatures; but the goldfish shows to poor advantage in the canary's bird's cage. Mr. Noguchi is a great scholar, as he shows by this brochure, but he has departed from his element

in attempting to write in English. Had he written in his own language doubtless he could have brought his fund of scholarship to bear with excellent effect and, with such a basis, a translator could have produced a highly readable English

But Mr. Noguchi's attempt to write originally in English has resulted in something too similar to Wallace Irwin's dialect stories of the Hon. Japanese schoolboy to accord pleasantly with the serious subject treated. It is unfortunate that he has made the effort to use an English pen for that attempt has lured him to the ineptitude of placing "spectacles" upon the nose of Whistler and to the offense of producing at least one incomplete sentence. Misspelled words and wrongly placed punctuation marks

are scattered through the book. The text does form an interest-ing study of the apparently bridgeless gap between the languages and habits of thought of the East and the West. I do not know whether Lafcadio Hearn wrote well in Japanese, for I cannot read Japanese, but I doubt it. Hearn wrote well in English and doubtless Mr. Noguchi writes exquisitely in Japan-He certainly does not in

English.
This book was printed in Japan and printed well, for I am persuaded that the misspellings are Mr. Noguchi's and not typographical errors. But it was written for English speaking readers and Mr. Noguchi should have understood interested in learning that Hiroshige's family name was Ando Tokitaro and that it was changed to signify that he was instructed by the master Toyohiro—a fact he fails to mention—than that there has been some frrelevant controversy concerning the precise inter-

pretation which should be placed on Hiroshige's farewell verse. The reproductions of the landscapes of Hiroshige are very beautiful and, after all, no one need read the text. The pictures are good enough eloquently to speak for themselves and for their creator in a language that requires no translation.

ticipate in this competition. There is no limit to the number of titles any man, woman or child may HERE IS THE ONLY RULE

The title must consist of three words or less, it must be original and indicate the char-

TITLE WRITERS, ATTENTION!

Someone will receive \$100 for submitting the most appropriate title. Will it be you? Everybody, except employes of The Washington Times and their families are eligible to par-

THE concluding installment of this nameless serial will be published in a few days.

The title must reach the Title Editor before May 15.

The judges will be Mrs. William Atherton DuPuy, President of the American Penwomen's League; Guy F. Bowerman, Librarian of the Public Library, and Vivian St. John, Literary Editor of The Wash-

The Hundred Dollar Question

word made me feel better. And when Juanita placed on the bunk beside me a tray containing a pot of piping-hot tea and several pieces of crisp buttered toast, I could al-

most have died with joy.
"You eat it," she said. "Eat it all.
Then you'll feel better." I needed no urging to eat it all. And there was no doubting that I felt better after I had eaten it.

"Why, I feel like a new woman." I said. And now I was able not only to sit up in bed, but to get up and dress myself—with Juanita's assistance. Clothes had been provided for me-clothes similar to the ones she wore. My wet things had been removed while I was unconscious, and I had been wrapped in a man's bathrobe. Juanita hovered over me like a mother while

JUANITA SOLICITOUS. Why are you so good to me?" I couldn't help asking the ques-

tion. It seemed strange that this whom I once had hated should doing so much for me, ignoring her own comfort. "I-" suddenly there swept over Juanita's face an expression as of "Juanita get determined resolve.

you into this," she said. "Juanita must get you out." "Got me into this?" Immediately I was intensely interested. What I had asked merely as a casual question seemed to have opened up unlooked-for fields of information. What do you mean-you got me

are out over the ocean and up-indicating, I supposed, our disastrous seaplane trip-"But for Juan-"I don't understand you," I tried

Juanita's extreme distaste to being hurried when she was telling anything. "Won't you please explain?"
"luanita tell you," she came over I had finished dressing, and was ready to give my entire attention to her. "You not think it strange

your friend, Grace, let you come away on trip like this?" Again she waved her hand out over the ocean. 'Strange!" I echoed, not being quite willing to admit that such thought had entered my head. "Why strange" "The danger," Juanita elucidated.

"The what you call the risk." "
"But you came too," I answered. "Surely there was as much dazger for you as there was for me." NOT SAFE IN WASHINGTON.

"Juanita come." Her voice now was very low and filled with meaning. "It is to be with you, Senorita." but Senorita-"that Juanita come."
"To be with me?" I could no longer keep from showing my excitement. "But why should you come to be with me?"

"Because-your friend, Grace-" Here she stopped for just a minute Then she took a new start. "I tell you all I know," she said. "It not safe for you in Washing-ton," she began. "Alvarez, he have spoke very tenderly, "I hope Juan-ita not hurt you, Senorita. But I feel that I must tell. I told you friend, Grace, after you go to bed the other night, I go to her room, and tell her, that the Mexican spies they after you. She very much frightened. She hot know what to do. I tell her not to be 'fraid. We find a way. And we did, Senorita. When the Secret Service man. say come and go, I say 'yes' and Grace, your friend, say 'yes' because we —her know it not safe that you be in Washington."

"And you——" Now I knew why Juanita had acted as she did when we were starting in the seaplane.

leave he tell them they-"

had thought that perhaps she was been only afraid for me. Now I understood why Grace had consented to my taking this most unusual trip. And now I understood what "Juanita never afraid-for herself. Knowing that Alvarez had once tried to take my life it was not surprising to me to hear that he had hired others to do so, although must admit it was something of a shock to hear about it, even when was out of danger from source. "And you did all that for I wanted to reach out and gather Juanita into my arms. SEEMED A CHILD.

"I did it for you," she said, and she smiled a whimsical little smile. anod for Senor Saunders. He one fine man!"

At that I laughed out loud. And that laugh did me lots of good. For one thing it tore down all-barriers Juanita and me, and grabbed her in my arms and hugged

"You blessed child," I said as I pressed hel to me. For, while she was perhaps as old as I was, she seemed to me nothing more than a child. Perhaps it was her naive way of saying things. Or perhaps it was the way she looked at onethat piquant, appealing look out of

her big, brown eyes.
"How is she?" We both turned as the pilot stuck his head in the door to ask about me. Then when he saw me up: "Well, well, that's fine," he said. "I thought you'd come around as soon as you got something warm inside your system." He came over and shook hands with me, I suppose, in acknowledgement of my rather rapid recovery outside?

A DESTROYER.

"Oh! I'd like to!" I replied .. I was indeed very anxious to see what kind of boat had rescued us and everything. But when I got out on the deck, I'll admit I was a bit disappointed. It wasn't a big boat at all, but a little bit of a gray thing with only one deck, and that was not very long.

"What'd you think?" The pilot evidently sensed my disappointment. "Think you were on the Leviathan or something?" he smiled.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Man Happy in Youth

Woman ' IN LATER YEARS

A fair young girl let me the other day, that had she not been born of the wrong sex, she could easily have been Prime Minister or Archbishop of Canterbury; and that, in either or both of those positions she could have "recon-structed" the universe.

"I wish I were a woman!" I don't think men often make that remark.

Does this mean that men are happier than women? It means (some would say) that they are only more conceited.

As a rule, I think, men undoubtedly imagine that they, as a sex, en-

joy a far greater share of life's happiness 'han women do. It is quite true that man can "detach" himself more easily than can woman.

When on the field of sport or in his club, he can laugh and be merry. and temporarily forget business and

domestic worry NURSE GRIEVANCE. Not so woman. If she has a trou-

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going with a young girl for about the last six months, seeing her sometimes three and four times a week. We have been getaccount of the kind of work I am doing I have to, in case of necespast two weeks have worked most of every night and my girl has been going out with other fellows. I called her down, and she an-

swered by saying it was not wrong for her to go out with other fellows as long as I wasn't there to take her. Please, Miss Fairfax, I broke up with her and would like to know of your opinion on the subject.

You never proposed marriage to the young lady, so there are no strings tied to her. Of course, she has a right to go out with other young men, in spite of the blow to your vanity. If you want her for a friend, better make up with her, and at once.

DON'T GET CROSS AGAIN MISS FAIRFAX:

For more than a year I have been in love with a girl who l I could always be happy with, but when I ask her to be mine she says "I will some day." Several months ago I became

cross at her for making dates and going with a boy I had known for a long time that was not considered much. Since this time she has gone with other boys and acted very indifferent with me.

Did I do wrong in saying anything, even if it hurt me dreadfully, and should I go with other girls. I am twenty-three and lonesome, but have hopes of winning

with her. I'll bet you tried to bully her, and I'm glad she would not be builted. Take your hopes of winning her back, and try to be more diplomatic in the future.

she will nurse it to the detriment of her happiness-at the theater, in the ballroom, at the card table, or wherever she may be, until the need for the worry has disappeared.

Perhaps one may say, with safety, that young men are happier than young women. The latter's uncertainty as to what their future is to be hampers true happiness. There is, further, an unrest of mind; nothing is fixed, nothing assured.

When it comes to the happiness of young married people here again the men appear to "have it," for the youthful wife, with the trials wifehood brings, cannot count on the happiness which the freedom, health dependence assure to the young

And yet woman, even in her days of youth, has moments of happiness The joy of beauty, of frocks, of love, motherhood, have not their peers in the circle of masculine delights.

HAPPIER AT 35

But these things come and go. They bring, too, their days, of sorrow, of disappointment. Up to the age of 35 or so a man's

life, on the whole, is happier than a woman's. After that age, when woman is fived, settled in her life work, be it matrimony or aught else, she is then happier than her contemporary man.
The novelty of his work has worn

off; things begin to pall that once did please; he talks politics with surly politicians in the smokeroom, while his wife laughs and chatters with her women "pals" as light-heartedly as a schoolgirl. So on it goes. As life advances woman gains in happiness and man

losses—except for one thing.
That is the loss of looks! Here is a tragedy men care less about. A man's looks don't matter. a woman they mean so much of her nfluence and power. This loss of youth and beauty, then, overshadws many a woman's middle years. It helps to counteract the rather more favorable material conditions

Chickweed a Lawn Pest The most successful method of

combating common chickweed in lawns, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agrithe weed as practicable in the early spring, using a fine-tooth garden rake. This will seriously retard the growth of the weed. heavily applied immediately after raking the lawn liberally seeded

The heavy growth of grass which should result will tend to crowd out the shallow-rooted chickweed. Constant mowing and watering throughout the growing season will hamper the spread of the pest. The lawn should also be rolled each

spring.
One method of destroying chickweed is to allow chickens to have access to the lawns in the spring. Extensive experiments have been made with chemicals for destroy ing chickweed but without marked

To remove stains and discolora-tions from tinware, try rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

Are You Alive?

Of course you are eating and breathing-but you may not be alive. If you do not reach top-notch in the day's work you may be starving the body by eating foods that have no real food-value. Eat

TARRAGE TO THE PROPERTY OF THE

Shredded Wheat

with green vegetables and fresh or stewed fruits. You will find yourself very much alive. Shredded Wheat is 100 per cent whole wheat, is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat.

> Delicious for any meal with berries or other fruits. Two biscuits make a nourishing meal.





INTRODUCING

Eppy Cure and Appy Tite, who need no introduction to

LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE

Every epicure with an appetite for distinctive flavor finds that and 100% purity in

LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE

Ask Your Meat Man

The Woman Observer

The Business Woman always has to work one evening toward the of the month, and this last time is was after 11 when she left her office. Just as she was striking off down her own side street an old lady approached her, asking, "Do you mind if I walk along with

you? I'm a little timid about being out alone so late." The Business Woman asured her that she did not mind in the least "Aren't you at all afraid?" the

old lady asked, admiringly. Well, I don't think much about it." the younger woman said, glancing indifferently at the deserted street ahead, "I'm so used to it." "But with crime so common ow?" the old lady persisted.

The girl laughed. "I'm not afraid of robbers," she said. "I've got just 14 cents with me." At this moment a taxicab rounded the corner and slowed down benodded at the old woman and she

nodded back. "Anything doing?" asked the "Nothing," said the old lady, clearly; "she's only got 14 cents." And then she stepped into the axi and drove away.

PROFITEERING.

There is still profiteering in the and, yea verily. An article which The Woman buys frequently at drug stores varies in price from 65 cents to \$1, according to the store

which she patronizes. The other day she wanted to purchase another drug and was told the pellets were 40 cents a dozen. "I'd ratcher have them by the bottle," said The Woman. "One dollar forty cents," replied

the clerk, When The Woman got home she counted them, out of curlosity, and found the bottle held just twentyfive. Now the Woman "haggles" over prices when she gets into a drug store. She has no more shame. and though she mortifies her children in the extreme, she is saving

Is Marriage a Success?

Marriage is an institution which has endured and shall endure as long as civilization itself. An open discussion with a public of wide experience does much for the prevention of unhappy marriages. advice and others warnings in their

accounts of unhappiness. I have my own theory on how to avoid unhappy marriages.

A great many failures are due to the hastiness in marrying. A man who has thought on the subject will know the type of girl he would like to make his wife, but, when, at the end of a tiring day, he seeks amusement, he will take out any girl he is acquainted with, usually one of

However, although he thinks he can see his little "doll" once in a while, and have some good times with a companion of her "don't care" playfulness before he settles down, he soon becomes infatuated and a marriage results which in a few months will become unendur-

It is the same with a girl. Propinquity often results in infatuation. If single persons would find out what traits, mannerisms and characteristics they like and also realize which traits react unpleas-

sooner or later would grow unbear-WAIT FOR TIME AND AGE.

I read the marriage letters just to know what the trouble is with the

children of today. Now I say children, because that is just what a good number of the cases are in this column. I think that a good many of the readers will agree with me My only bit of advise is that there

should be a law that no person of couple be allowed to marry until they have reached the age twenty-three, thus giving time to these couples to gain their right senses, and also building a strong Now, dear readers, I am able to

foundation for their future. sister who was just a child when

I am not sorry that I have waited

they married. As for myself, I am a married man, but not at the age of seventeen or nineteen. I know that no man knows the right thing until he reaches the age of twenty-

until twenty-eight, because I can truthfully say our marriage is a success. Why? Because we were not children any more when we were wed. My motto is "wait until you have reached your time and age, thus eliminating the word 'failure' in SUCCESSFUL

antly upon them, they could avoid JUST AFTER HE HAD GIVEN WILLIE A GOOD LICKING-DAD CHANCED TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW TOWARD THE SAND PILE

